

so awful, as to fill them with gloomy apprehensions, and make them lament that it was not otherwise ordained. Much of this is undoubtedly owing to unreasoning superstition, and still more to the false teachings of priestcraft respecting the fate of those who do not subscribe to its dogmas, whereby is determined everlastingly the doom of the soul at the time of its separation from the mortal body; thus limiting divine compassion and goodness, in regard to the erring, to as brief a date and by as capricious a standard as infinite injustice and absurdity could devise. Away with all such God-dishonoring views! You and I were early taught to believe them; but, happily, we have lived to perceive their folly and impiety. As rationally make issue with light and darkness, with seed-time and harvest, with all the movements of the universe.

But, though I was so touched by the
reverent and manly tone of your letter,
and shall carefully preserve it for its ex-
cellent sentiments, I felt almost to regret
that I had subjected ~~at~~ you - yet certainly
not intending to do so - to the laborious
task of writing it, in view of your great
physical debility. It was more than fra-
ternal on your part to make such an
effort. But let there be no repetition of
it until you are very much better, and
on the sure road to comparative health.
I trust the warm, genial summer weather
will be favorable to your cough, and at
least so far restore you as to enable
you, on the approach of winter, to exe-
cute your plan to spend it in the mild
latitude of Florida. In the mean time
and always, my dear friend and old co-
laborer, consider me by your side, sym-
pathizing in all your pains, watching

with affectionate interest all your symptoms, rejoicing in every indication of improvement, and giving expression to that profound regard for your life and labors which I have cherished for so many years. I do, indeed, yearn to see you face to face; yet my immediate presence might prove more harmful than beneficial by overtaxing your powers, and, therefore, I shall wait until the assurance comes from your household that I need not delay my long-contemplated visit to the Park.

Yesterday, I attended the funeral services of our worthy colored friend and co-worker, William C. Nell, who died very suddenly a few days since of paralysis of the brain. They were held in the Parker Memorial Church - Wendell Phillips and myself being among the speakers. Love to all the dear ones. Adieu!

Wm. Lloyd Garrison